

The Mirror

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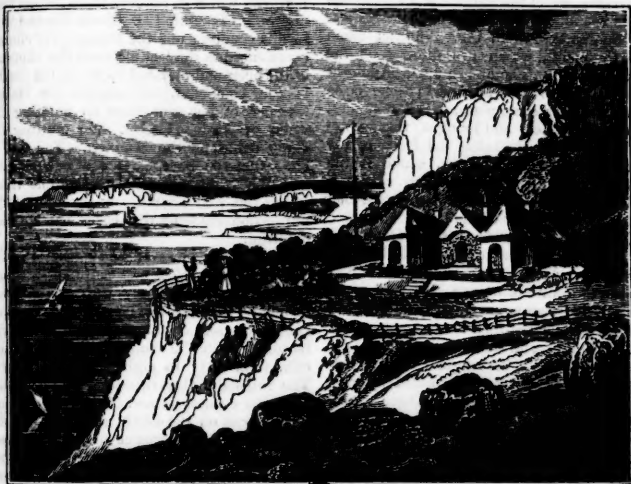
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 681.]

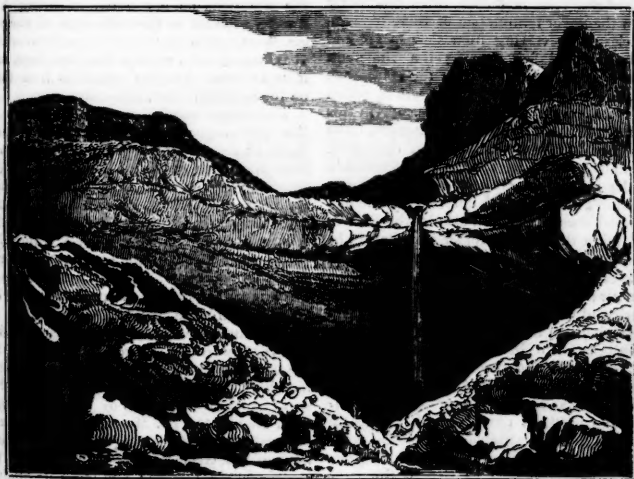
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE ISLE OF WIGHT:



SAND ROCK SPRING.



BLACK GANG CHINE.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT:

THE UNDERCLIFF.

WHOEVER has visited the Isle of Wight—that

Beauteous gem, set in the silver sea—must have heard of, if not journeyed over, the romantic district of the Undercliff, which will alone repay the tourist for an excursion to the island. Yet, thousands who *steam it viâ* Southampton and Cowes, do not reach the Undercliff, which lies directly on the opposite shore. There is so much to delight a sight-loving visiter at Cowes; there is so much of the watering-place, with its parades, regattas, libraries, and lounges, that we are not surprised at its being the focus of the island; and leaving Newport, which is the metropolis, and lies in the centre, comparatively deserted; notwithstanding Carisbrook Castle in the vicinity of the latter.

The Undercliff is, however, the Daphne of the isle, and its situation is so delightful as to render it particularly adapted as a winter residence, a kind of marine Montpellier, for invalids. It comprehends a small tract of country on the south-east coast, about six miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth. This singular district consists of a series of terraces, formed by fragments of rock, of chalk, and sandstone, which have been detached from the cliffs and hills above, and deposited upon a substratum of blue marl. It is dry, free from moist or impure exhalations, and completely sheltered from the north, north-east, north-west, and west winds, by a range of lofty downs, or hills of chalk and sandstone, which rise boldly from the upper termination of these terraces, in elevations varying from four to six and seven hundred feet, leaving the Undercliff open only in a direct line to the south-east, and obliquely to the south-west winds, which rarely blow here with great force. "On this part of the coast," says Dr. Lempriere, (who has made the natural history of the island his study,) "we have a climate as favourable to the invalid as any part of England can afford. This is proved, not only by thermometrical observation, but also by the state of vegetation during the colder months of the year, when the myrtle, geranium, and many other exotic plants flourish luxuriantly in the open air; and that even in seasons when the severity of the frost has destroyed the greenhouse plants in the north side of the island, though placed in sheltered apartments. Snow is rarely seen, and frosts are only partially felt here." Dr. James Clark corroborates these views, and adds: the protection afforded by the northern range of hills is greatly increased by the singular abruptness with which it terminates on its southern aspect. This, in many places, consists of the bare perpendicular rock of sandstone, in others of

chalk, assuming its characteristic rounded form, covered with fine turf and underwood; but, almost every where the southern face of the hill is so steep as to justify the appellation, (Undercliff, *i. e.* under the Cliff,) conferred on this beautiful tract, which extends from its base to the sea-shore. The defence afforded by this natural bulwark against northerly winds is, indeed, more perfect than anything of the kind Dr. Clarke has met with in this country; and the transition of climate experienced in descending from the exposure of the open and elevated down, to the shelter of the Undercliff, will remind the Italian traveller of his sensations on entering the valley of Domo d'Ossola, after quitting the chilly defiles of the Simplon. You feel at once that you have entered a new climate, and the luxuriance of the vegetable tribes which you find around you, proves that the impression made on the senses has not been deceitful.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Undercliff is a close and confined situation. Although low, relatively with its northern boundary, it is still very considerably elevated above the sea level, as its southern limit terminates, on the shore, in a perpendicular cliff, from sixty to eighty feet in height. The Undercliff may, therefore, be represented as a lofty natural terrace, backed by a mountainous wall on the north, and open on the south to the full influence of the sun, from his rising to his going down, during that season, at least, when his influence is most wanted in a northern climate. Its elevation above the sea level, differing from most of the situations on our coast, in being less directly exposed to the influence of the sea air, is important in a medical point of view. It is, accordingly, exempt from sea fogs, and it is believed that less rain falls here than on the southern coast, generally.

The Engravings show two vignettes of this picturesque shore. First is the Sand Rock Chalybeate Spring, a short distance from the hotel at which tourists take their temporary *sejour*, and from which, judging from our own feelings, every lover of nature must take an unwilling departure: for, the windows command the boldest Undercliff prospects, and an extent of marine scenery not to be surpassed along the whole range of this singular tract. The sea prospect may be enjoyed from three sides of the house.

The Sand Rock Spring was discovered by Mr. Waterworth, a surgeon of Newport, in the year 1808; and this gentleman has meritoriously established a dispensary on the spot, for the distribution of the water, and other medicines. Dr. Marcet, who published an analysis of this spring in the Transactions of the Geological Society, found it to contain sulphate of iron, and sulphate of alumine, substances which, though rarely met

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with in combination with water, exist in this spring in such proportions as to give it a very distinctive character. The spring is situated 500 feet from the shore, and about 130 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect from the adjoining cottage is enchanting; the cultivated scenery of the Undercliff being succeeded by an indented coast extending to Freshwater, the celebrated Needles rocks, with their lighthouse, and Alum Bay.

About half a mile from the spring, we arrive at the summit of Black Gang Chine,* a chasm of tremendous shelving rocks; the sides nearly 500 feet in height, shelving down to the shore, and terminating in an overhanging precipice, upwards of forty feet high, over which a small stream, from the summit of the Chine, falls, and finds its way into the bay beneath. The view from the summit, comprises the whole of the coast to the Needles, with the Dorsetshire coast in the distance.

The reader may recollect a few entertaining Notes from a Correspondent's pedestrian Tour in the Isle of Wight, about two year's since;† but, it may be as well to state, that the tract we have been describing, commences at the point where our Correspondent halted, viz. at Dunnose, and extends to St. Catherine's Hill, towards the foot of which are the Sand Rock Spring and Black Gang Chine.

APOTHEGMS.

I HAD a mind (says Prior) to collect and digest such observations and *apothegms*, as tend to the proof of that great assertion "All is vanity."

Never allow yourself to be idle, whilst hands are in want of anything that your hands can make for them.—*Law*.

The learning of Latin being nothing but the learning of words, join as much other real knowledge with it as you can.—*Locke*.

The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and which a man of sense cannot forbear attend-

* The term *chine* is applied to the back bone of an animal, both in the manège and culinary language, which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Échine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *chiafrancu* for a great cut, or slash. Hence the word *chine* might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down; and the several parts of the southern coast, denominated *chines*, all correspond with this description. A *chine* also appears to signify the same as a chasm, and both to be derived from the Greek word *χαῖμα*, *hismo*, or *dehisco*, that is to cleave asunder, so as to form a chasm, or *chine*. It is well known that the X in the Greek alphabet is always expressed in English by *ch*, and that it is pronounced by the modern Greeks, as our *ch*, in church, charity, &c. and, perhaps, it was so pronounced by the ancients.—Sir Richard Worsley's History of the Isle of Wight, quoted in Sheridan's Intelligent Guide.

† Mirror, vol. xx. p. 225.

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ing to, who is out of the noise of human affairs.—*Addison*.

The works of nature will bear a thousand views and reviews; the more narrowly we look into them, the more occasion we shall have to admire.—*Atterbury*.

If the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise and that of the fool; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagancies pass through both.—*Addison*.

If we are idle and disturb the industrious in their business, we shall ruin the faster.—*Locke*.

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard: a bashaw asked why he altered the custom of his predecessors? He answered "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them.—*Bacon*.

Sheer argument is not the talent of the man; little wrested sentences are the bladders which bear him up, and he sinks down-right, when he once pretends to swim without them.—*Atterbury*.

An old gentleman mounting on horseback, got up heavily; but desired the spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him.—*Dryden*.

Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, that gives indolence of body, with an equality of mind, the best guardian of youth and support of old age; the precept of reason, as well as religion, and physician of the soul as well as the body; the tutelard goddess of health, and universal medicine of life.—*Temple*.

Cato the elder being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman: his son came to him, and said, "Sir, what have I offended that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite the contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I would be glad to have more such."—*Bacon*.

Queen Elizabeth used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear loose enough.—*Ibid*.

Man was not meant to gape, or look upward, but to have his thoughts sublime, and not only behold, but speculate their nature with the eye of the understanding.—*Brown*.

P. T. W.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

1. JESSE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. (SECOND SERIES.)

The Mole.—Mr. Jesse (p. 24) says he has not seen it noticed by any one that the colour

of the mole is subject to much variation. In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (vol. v. p. 571.) he will find it stated that the mole is occasionally found, in Renfrew, of a white colour. In various works, besides the above periodical, white varieties are recorded.

The Heron.—"It has been supposed that a light is emitted by herons from their breasts, as they stand in the water of an evening waiting for fish. I should like to be assured of the accuracy of this supposition"—(p. 285.) I have never met with any statement, either conjectural or positively made, respecting such a circumstance as regards the heron; but it is asserted by the best ornithologists that the breast of the Great American Bittern emits a powerful light, which has been considered of service to it in finding its prey at night-time. Perhaps, Mr. Jesse may have confounded this fact with the heron.

Colour of Birds.—Mr. Jesse says he has sometimes speculated on the possibility of the colours of birds being varied, owing to the pores of the egg-shell that contained them having been stopped up during the period of incubation. If the pores of the egg be clogged, the chick cannot draw air through them, it dies for the want of atmospheric nourishment, and consequently, is never fledged: hence the above speculation falls to the ground. The principal causes of the variations in the plumage of birds, arise from the qualities of the food with which they are fed, and the localities in which they are reared, which circumstances also exercise an influence over their song.

Dead Birds.—Our author expresses his astonishment at the rarity of the occurrence of finding a dead bird, and wonders what can become of the immense numbers that must necessarily die, and fall to the ground (p. 296.) The fact is, that certain insects perform the office of undertaker; and as soon as they learn of the death of a bird, a mouse, a toad, &c., by the smell that arises from the corrupting corpse, they hasten to the spot, creep beneath the body, and excavate a vault beneath it; and as they proceed in this task, which occupies but a very short time, the lifeless remains gradually disappear from the surface, until they are fairly buried. When the interment ceases, the undertakers regale themselves upon the flesh and juices of the departed; and here we have another example of the death of one animal supporting the lives of many. The insect to which we are chiefly indebted for thus removing from the earth bodies, which, if allowed to remain, would taint our atmosphere, is the *Necrophorus Sepultor*, or burying beetle, which, unlike our undertakers, is not totally dressed in black, but only partially, the remainder being yellow. Now, Mr. Jesse and others may henceforth know what

becomes of dead birds. For a *naturalist* to be at a loss to account for such a circumstance, looks rather strange.

Vegetation dependent on Birds.—"I have lately heard a curious idea advanced, that all mucilaginous seeds must undergo the process of passing through the stomach of birds before they will vegetate. This was applied principally, however, to the seeds of the mistletoe and ivy"—(p. 133.) In some botanical works it is stated, that the seeds of the nutmeg, (I have never seen it previously asserted of any other seeds,) will not grow, unless they have passed through the stomach of a species of pigeon; if I remember rightly, the *Columba migratoria* is the one specified. The dung of the pigeon may have the effect of accelerating the process of germination; but that the vegetation of any plant should be so entirely dependent on a bird, seems somewhat doubtful.

Grasshopper.—If Mr. Jesse wishes to be considered a naturalist, he should refrain from quoting verses, however "pretty" they may be, which propagate inaccuracies respecting the works of nature; unless he quote them to expose their glaring errors. This observation is induced in consequence of his having quoted with approbation, the following faulty lines, by Cowley, on the grasshopper:—

"Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine."

These lines, though intended to relate to the grasshopper, are totally inapplicable to it, as are most verses on the same subject by modern poets, who studying nature in the works of classic authors, instead of seeing for themselves, conceive what the ancients have sung of the *Cicada*, (a word which the schoolmasters in their wisdom teach them to translate very erroneously,) to allude to the present insect, which is very different in size, form, and habits, and very inferior as a musician. To translate "*Cicada*" as the grasshopper, is as absurd as the French translation of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, into *Conte de Monsieur Winter*. However, let it be remembered, that grasshoppers feed on something more substantial than dew, and do not, like the *Cicada*, produce their noise while sitting on thorns, but as they rest on the ground. Abernethy defined a stomach as being a stomach, and in a similar manner, we can only say that a cicada is a cicada.

May-fly and Cadis-fly.—"I think I have ascertained," says Mr. Jesse, "beyond a doubt, or rather to my own satisfaction, that the cadis-worm is not the grub of the common May-fly, having found the cadis long after the May-fly has appeared on the water." What entomologist ever stated, or even hinted, so close a relation to subsist between the cadis-grub and the May-fly? Why, even the

older naturalists were well aware of the wide distinction between these insects, and never were so fanciful as to suspect their identity. The cadis-grub lives in the water, and inhabits a case, made of materials differing according to its species, and eventually becomes a cadis-fly. The grub or larva of the other insect also lives in the water, but inhabits no case.

Superstitions concerning Natural History.

—One of the most obstinate barriers to the dissemination of a knowledge of natural history, and a taste for it as a pursuit, among the people, is formed by the absurd superstitions that they possess relating to natural objects, which, instead of viewing as objects of delight and instruction they, in consequence, regard as objects of dread, and producers of every calamity. This being the case, we should never have expected to see a sentence like the following, from the pen of any man, unless one of that class who would keep the minds of the poor in that darkness, which causes them to commit those follies, for which the rich monopolizers of knowledge are the very first to blame them. "Could I but see," says Mr. Jesse, "our peasantry prosperous and happy, all their little superstitions, their prejudices, and their many virtues would only serve to increase the gratification I should experience in living amongst them"—(p. 299.) How can any peasantry be "prosperous and happy," when their unwarrantable superstitions and prejudices render them not only ignorant, but keep them in a constant state of alarm at every natural occurrence, which they view as portending the approach of dreadful visitations. Let us hope that Mr. Jesse does not mean what he says.

2. MUDIE'S FEATHERED TRIBES.

Although these elegant volumes will fully gratify all those who are contented with graphic descriptions and fine plates, yet the naturalist will find little that is new in the shape of discovery. As far as description and imagination are concerned, the author has displayed considerable tact and originality; but the solid matter of fact respecting the habits of birds is of a stale character, though, as it comes before us in a new garb, it "is made to look as good as new." The title of the work is not good, as other creatures besides birds are feathered; for example, the plume-moths, whose wings are composed of long and beautiful feathers.

Skylark.—"The lark rises," says Mudie, "not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts or steps, with pauses between; it twines upwards like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and seen on

the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column, (or funnel, rather,) which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise; for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density, or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion: of course, it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and, as such, it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air." This assertion of the skylark ascending spirally and descending conically, let the bird be ever so "free from disturbance or alarm," can only be confirmed by an observer possessing a curious defect in his own vision; for any one who pleases to watch the bird carefully, will not fail to detect the incorrectness of such a statement; and this we have done repeatedly, and not so long since, in different secluded and quiet parts of the country.

The Bottle-Titmouse, (Parus caudatus.)

—Another notion of our author's, and one which was pointed out to him by the press, previous to the appearance of the present work, as being unfounded and ridiculous, we find he still adheres to. The nest of the bottle titmouse is sometimes, but not invariably, furnished with two holes or apertures; one of which is intended, according to Mr. Mudie, for the bird's head to come through, and the other for its long tail to come through!! Surely Mr. Mudie, when writing this, must have been misled by some sudden recollection of Porson's famous description of his Satanic Majesty:—

"His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind for his tail to come through."

3. RENNIE'S ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

Mining Birds.—The second and third chapters of this work are devoted to "Mining Birds," but, strange to say, the shieldrake, (*Anas Tadorna*), is omitted, notwithstanding the fact of its nesting in holes underground, which circumstance is sufficient to entitle it to a place under this head.

Eider-Duck, (Somateria mollissima.)

"Martens says she mixes the down with moss, but as this is not recorded by any other observer, we think it not a little doubtful, particularly as in the places chosen for nesting, she would find it no easy matter to procure moss." May not Martens mean Iceland moss, which is found in the countries this bird frequents?

Fish-Hawk, (Pandion Haliaetus).—"The people of the sea-coast of North America, where these birds frequently build, are of opinion that the most thriving tree will die in a few years, after being taken possession of by a fish-hawk, a circumstance which has been ascribed to the quantities of fish-oil and the excrements of the bird destroying vegetation; others think it occasioned by the great mass of salt materials of which the nest is composed." The death of the tree, if owing at all to the bird, is most likely occasioned by its excrement, which may be destructive to vegetation, as the excrements of several other birds are. The dung of the pigeon, for instance, is acknowledged by chemists and others to be one of the strongest and hottest manures there is; and from experiments made some years ago, I found that a very small quantity introduced into the earth in a flower-pot, was sufficiently powerful to destroy a plant by its parching up the roots. Some geraniums were destroyed merely by the pigeons, I kept, occasionally muting upon the mould in which they grew. Perhaps then, the dung of the fish-hawk may have a similar effect on the trees around which it falls.

4. RENNIE'S HABITS OF BIRDS.

Shrew-mouse.—Speaking of the diseases of animals, the author of this work states, that he "lately caught a mouse, which was in the last stage of malignant erysipelas, which carried it off in a few hours; and the common shrew, (*Sorex araneus*), is often observed to be subject to great mortality in the autumn, numbers of the dead being found strewn in paths, by gateways, and in garden-walks"—(p. 342.) I have myself noticed the great mortality, during certain months, among shrew-mice; but, from all that I have examined, I am quite confident that their death is not ascribable to any particular disease, but to a disorder, which consists in their being infested with troublesome parasites, apparently a species of *Acarus*. Coming one day, in March, 1829, from Holloway to Battle-bridge, I captured and conveyed home in my gloves, half-a-dozen shrew-mice, that were evidently, by their non-resistance and helplessness, in a very weak condition, which I attributed to the extreme frost that prevailed at that time. Upon looking at them when I reached my home, I found the cause of their extreme debility to arise from their being infested with millions of little parasites, who, perhaps, derived sustenance from the body of their unfortunate victims. On referring to a small work on natural history, entitled "The Natural Historian," which was the only work I possessed at that period on the subject, I found the following passage: "It is a remarkable but well authenticated circum-

stance, that there is an annual mortality among these little animals, about the month of August, during which they are found dead in great numbers in the roads, woods, and fields, without any appearance of violence on their bodies." In the Cyclopædia of Natural Phenomena, by Dr. Forster, is the following notice, which would tend to show that that gentleman, though aware of the occurrence, was unaware of its cause: "Field-mice are found in great numbers on the paths and highways in August. We noticed great numbers of these animals running by the roadside in the plains of Alsace"—(p. 96.) The diseases and disorders of animals, together with their causes, are matters regarding which but very little is known; hence an inquiring and patient mind may here find an ample field for research.

J. H. F.

Camden Town.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

(From Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of France*.)

THERE was once a gentleman, who is asserted by some to have been one of the archers of the guard to the king; but whom I prefer to call a simple gentleman or a courtier, because the Latin history from which this is taken styles him *aulicus*. By some historians he is called the Chevalier Macaire, and who, being jealous of the favour shown by the king to one of his companions, named Aubry de Montdidier, watched him continually, until at length he surprised him in the forest of Bondy, accompanied only by his dog, (which some historians, and notably the Sieur Dodiguiet, say was a greyhound,) and finding the opportunity favourable to the satisfaction of his unhappy jealousy, slew him, and having buried him in the forest, returned with alacrity to the court. The dog, for his part, never stirred from the ditch wherein his master was concealed, until hunger obliged him to go to Paris, where the king was, to beg for food from the friends of his late master—which, when he had obtained, he then incontinently returned to the spot where the assassin had buried his victim. And as he was continually doing this thing, some of those who saw him come and go, howling and whining, and seeking by his extraordinary actions to discover his grief, and declare the misfortunes of his master, followed him to the forest, and watching exactly what he did, saw that he stopped at a spot where the earth had been recently disturbed. Whereupon they searched, and there found the murdered corpse, which they honoured with a more worthy sepulture, without being able to discover the author of so execrable a murder. As the dog still resided with one of these friends of the deceased, and followed him, he by chance discovered

the murderer of his first master; and having picked him out from the midst of all the other gentlemen and archers, attacked him with great violence, leaped at his throat, and did his utmost to tear him to pieces, and strangle him; they beat him off, they drove him away—but he continually returned—and when he could not reach him, kept growling at the spot where he perceived the assassin had concealed himself. And as the dog repeated these attacks every time he encountered this man, some suspicions of the fact arose, the more so that the poor dog, more faithful and mindful of his late master than any other follower would have been, only attacked the murderer, and never ceased from flying at him, in order to be avenged.

The king, having been informed by some of his attendants of the obstinacy of the dog, which was recognised as having belonged to a gentleman who had been found miserably slain and buried, was willing to witness the actions of the poor animal. He was accordingly brought before him, the king having first commanded that the suspected gentleman should conceal himself in the midst of the other attendants, who were very numerous. But the dog, with its accustomed fury, soon discovered this man from among all the others; and as if he felt encouraged by the presence of the king, he flew at him more violently than ever, uttering at the same time a piteous cry, as if demanding justice from the sagacious prince.

And he obtained it—for the case appearing strange and marvellous to the king, when joined to some other circumstances, he called before him the suspected gentleman, interrogated him, and publicly pressed him, to ascertain the truth of what common report, and the attacks and yelpings of this dog, (which were so many accusations,) brought against him. But shame, and the fear of dying an ignominious death, rendered the criminal so obstinate and firm in his denial, that the king was at length compelled to ordain, that the complaint of the dog and the gentleman's denial, should be settled by a single combat between the two, in order that the truth might, through God's grace, be thereby brought to light.

Accordingly they were both placed in the field, like two champions, in the presence of the king, and of his whole court. The gentleman was armed with a large and massive baton, and the dog with his natural arms, having only an empty barrel for his retreat. Immediately that the dog was loosened, he did not wait for the enemy to begin the battle, he knew that it was for the challenger to commence the attack; but the club of his adversary was strong enough to annihilate him at one blow, which obliged the dog to dodge here and there around him, to avoid the heavy weight of it. But after turning

first on one side, and then on the other, he watched the time so well, that at length he threw himself full at the throat of his enemy, and there fastened himself so securely, that he threw him to the ground, and compelled him to cry for mercy; which he did, begging the king would order the beast to be removed, and he would then confess the whole circumstances.

Upon this the attendants of the field removed the dog, and the judges having, by command of the king, approached the gentleman, he confessed before them all, that he had slain his companion, without any person having seen him but the dog, by whom he acknowledged himself vanquished. History says, that he was punished, but it does not say with what death, nor in what manner he had slain his friend.

If this dog had lived in the time of the ancient Greeks, when the city of Athens was in its lustre, he would have been kept at the public expense—his name would have figured in history—a statue would have been dedicated to him, and his body would have been buried, with more reason and with more justice than that of Xantippus. The history of this dog, besides the honourable painted traces of its victory, which are to be seen at Montargis, has been recommended to posterity by several authors, and especially by Julius Scaliger, in his book against Cardan, Exerc. 22.

I forgot to mention that the combat took place in the Island of Nôtre Dame, in the presence of the King and of all the Court.

Note—"De la Colombiere—Le Theatre d'honneur et de Chevalerie," Tome 2, c. 23, from which it is quoted in a dissertation upon the subject, in *Bullet Dissertation sur la Mythologie de France*, 8vo. Paris, 1771. The earliest mention of this incident, is by Albericus de Tribus Fontibus, whose Chronicle is printed in Leibnitz, (Access. Hist. Tom. 2, part 1.) It forms an important feature of the metrical Romance of "Berte aux Grans Piés," by Adenez, which has lately been published by M. Paulin Paris, and figures no less conspicuously in the Spanish Prose Romance, "Hystoria de la Reyna Sevilla."—Seville, 1532. The reader, whose curiosity is not now satisfied, is referred for further information on the subject to Wolff—"Ueber die Alt. Franz. Heldendgedichte."—Vienna, 1833. s. 137, u. 156.

The Naturalist.

THE CASHMERE GOAT.

THIS is the animal from whose wool is made the Cashmere shawls, so highly prized by our lady readers. It is a nobler species of the common goat, and is descended from the goat of Thibet, which pastures on the Himalaya mountains. The climate of Thibet is subject to sudden changes. There is little rain, but much snow, as the cold in winter is below the freezing point. Thibet is situated at the northern descent of the Himalaya mountains, and Cashmere at the southern; hence the latter is a little warmer than Thibet.



(The Cashmere Goat.)

In Thibet, this goat is domesticated. It is not allowed a very luxuriant pasture. Its favourite food is buds, aromatic plants, rue and heath. The people of Thibet give their goats, at least once a week, some salt, which has always proved a useful accompaniment to the customary food of these animals.

The highest mountains of the Himalaya, inhabitable by man, contain also a kind of goat with black wool, which, in India, and in the mountainous country of the goats, obtains the best price as a material for shawls.

The general colour of the upper hair of the Cashmere goat is greyish. It has fine curled wool close to the skin, just as the under-hair of our common goat lies below the coarse upper hair. The wool is shorn in the spring, shortly before the warm season—the time when the animal, in its natural state, seeks thorns and hedges, in order to free itself from the burthen of its warm covering. All the hard and long hairs are carefully picked out. The wool is then washed, first in a warm solution of potash, and afterwards in cold water, in which process, felting, or the hairs curling one with another, must be avoided. It is then bleached upon the grass, and carded for spinning. The shawl wool is three times dyed—before carding, after spinning, and in the shawl. The Asiatics, in spinning it, use a spindle, which consists of a ball of clay, with an iron wire attached; the finger and thumb of the spinner being kept smooth by steatite powder. A large shawl of the finest quality requires five pounds of the wool. A machine has been invented in this country, which spins the Cashmere wool in a very simple manner, finer than can be done by the best spindles of Thibet, and, at the same time, of a firmer thread.

Since 1820, the Cashmere goat has been

introduced into France, and from thence into this country; and several interesting particulars of its domestication here have been given in a previous volume of our Miscellany.*

* See Mirror, vol. xx. p. 94.

The Public Journals.

THE CRISIS AT WATERLOO.

(From a Strategic Examination of the Campaign at Waterloo; in the United Service Journal.)

THE end of the sanguinary drama was now approaching. The result was not doubtful and never had been so; and though the number of victims destined to fall, before a valiant host could be driven from the field, was still uncertain, it was perfectly evident that the catastrophe would correspond to the long, fierce, and terrible nature of the combat itself. The French cavalry had again been driven from the position. The battle was once more reduced to the skirmishing in front of La Haye Sainte and round Hougomont, and to a cannonade, which, owing to the many guns dismounted on both sides, was already much diminished. During this comparative lull, Clinton's division moved to its left, and closed in on the division of Guards; Mitchell's brigade followed the movement. The Brunswick troops were sent to support the 3rd division. General Chassé's Dutch division also closed to their left, and some of his regiments came into front line. And high time it was to concentrate all the forces towards the centre: every nerve was now to be strained for the defence of a point over which the last and fiercest storm of battle was about to burst.

The Prussians were forming up in great numbers; the thunder of their artillery was constantly augmenting. The British remained unshaken in their position, and day

was drawing to a close. The situation of the French army was desperate. The time for half-measures was past. A last effort, made with all that remained of force and energy, offered the only chance of success, if chance there was; and the last blow now to be struck was not to be struck for victory and for empire alone, but for safety also. The entire of the Old Guard, amounting, by all French accounts, to 8,000 effective men, had remained in reserve during the whole day. These veterans, who had for years been their country's pride, and almost the terror of continental Europe, could truly say that they had never fled from a field of battle. Amidst the disasters of the French army, their fame had remained untarnished; and they were now to be tried against men who, like themselves, acknowledged no victors. They were called upon to support the sinking cause of a long-cherished leader. The blot, which a hundred battles gained by the British had inflicted on the military escutcheon of France, was to be effaced; the blood of the thousands who had fallen by British arms was to be avenged; the unconquered were to meet the unconquered, and the world was to learn from the result who were its first and foremost soldiers.

Towards seven o'clock the movements along the French position indicated that the last and decisive attack, which the situation of the battle now rendered inevitable, was about to be directed against the British centre. As General Ziethen's troops were already in full communication with the British, the two brigades of cavalry, under Vivian and Vandeleur, which had very judiciously been stationed on the extreme left of the army, became disposable, and were closed in towards the threatened point. The first of these brigades, consisting of three fine unbroken regiments, advanced along the top of the ridge; the second, which had been partially engaged during the day, followed in the hollow to the right, where the rest of the cavalry were assembled. The British infantry were ordered to form four deep—a sacrifice of half their strength for no object whatever.

On the French side, Napoleon himself was forming the Old and Young Guard into columns of attack. Each column was composed of three battalions,—one battalion in line, supported on each flank by a battalion in close column. Two of these columns led on nearly equal front,—a third was in the rear: and the usual folly of embarrassing such bodies by placing guns in the intervals was, of course, followed on this occasion also. Count Reille was ordered to form the remains of his corps into columns, and to advance to the left of the Guard: on the right, Count d'Erlon was to support the attack by similar masses that were to issue from behind La Haye Sainte. Six compact bodies

were seen advancing against that part of the British line posted between Hougomont and the Charleroi road. As the previous cavalry attacks had been unaided by infantry, so was this attack unaided by cavalry. What seemed the remnant of the cavalry force was posted, with some artillery, between three or four squares of infantry that remained in reserve, along the brow of the French position. The total want of judgment displayed in the arrangement of this attack is almost incredible. So completely was the flank of the Guard destitute of support and protection, that it was turned by the entire of Sir Hussey Vivian's brigade of cavalry, and left perfectly open to the attack of Adam's brigade of infantry. Great rhetoricians of the age of intellect, what think ye of the mighty genius of your idol?

The renewed roar of cannon announced the approach of the storm. Loud and long were the acclamations of "*Vive l'Empereur*" that greeted Napoleon, as he led the Guard to the brow of the hill near La Belle Alliance. "*Voilà le chemin de Bruxelles*," said he, in reply to these cheers, as he pointed to the British position. It was the "*Valeta*," of Claudius in answer to the "*Morituri te salutant*" of the doomed gladiators. But no evil bodings checked the ardour of soldiers who thought themselves advancing to certain victory; for Napoleon had caused his aide-de-camp, Labedoyere, to make them believe that the fire of Ziethen's guns proceeded from the artillery of Grouchy, who had fallen upon the rear of the Prussians: a little expedient well worthy of a little mind. The first columns that advanced pushed through the swarms of tirailleurs that were pressing on in front of La Haye Sainte. They beat back the foreign troops on the left of the 3rd division, and engaged the gallant remains of Halket's brigade, that, during the entire day, had maintained the most trying point of the whole position. A close and continued roll of musketry here commenced, and extended rapidly towards the British right, as the French Guards prolonged the attack of Count d'Erlon's corps. These veterans, advancing under a murderous fire of round and grape, came full upon the front of the British Guards: a shower of musket-balls mowed down the leading ranks, and the Imperial Grenadiers halted to return the galling fire; their first shot tolled their own doom: for a column halted to engage in a fire of musketry may be pretty safely considered as a column defeated. The 52nd and 71st Regiments, together with some companies of the 95th Rifles, who had suffered little during the day, were in a hollow on the right of the Guards, just where the position took a bend to the front, so that they had only to bring their right shoulders forward in order to come directly on the flank of the French column

that was engaged with General Maitland's brigade of English Guards. The movement was executed with the spirit and promptness that well became the high character of the troops; and the Old Guard suddenly found themselves placed between two fires. A brief, close, and desperate conflict ensued. Assailed in front and flank, the enemy's masses were rent asunder. Mere men of earthly mould could not withstand the deadly hail of shot here poured upon these gallant Grenadiers: they wavered and fell back. Loud, from the light-division soldiers, rose the old Peninsula shout of victory, as, following up their success, they rushed upon the yielding enemy, who gave way in utter confusion. The well-known cheer, coming from those who wore wont to lead, resounded along the British line: it was succeeded by an order for the troops to advance. All sprang forward with renewed vigour, and the enemy was instantly driven, in total and helpless disorder, from every part of the field.

At the moment when the light brigade was advancing against the leading columns of the Old Guard, Sir Hussey Vivian, leaving these troops to his left, was descending into the plain, with his three unbroken regiments of cavalry. As soon as he got beyond the smoke that completely obscured the front of the position, he was assailed by a party of the enemy's cavalry. Having defeated these, he formed up the 10th and 18th Hussars, and with great judgment, instantly proceeded to attack the Cuirassiers posted between the supporting squares of the French Guard: it was taking the sting out of the enemy's force,—giving the Allied infantry free scope to act,—and leaving that of the enemy to be afterwards dealt with at pleasure. The charge of the Hussars was as boldly made as judiciously planned: the Cuirassiers were completely routed, and the infantry allowed to follow up their success in perfect security.

Splendid—melancholy—yet, almost sublime, was the scene that presented itself to the British Army, as they emerged from the smoke which had so long rendered everything but the flashes of hostile fires perfectly invisible. The sun's last rays fell upon a vast and never-equalled mass of fugitives, trampling in their flight the appalling harvest which the iron hand of Death had gathered in during the fray. On the right, the British cavalry were seen driving the rout along,—and on the left, as far as the eye could reach, hill and plain were covered with Prussian troops,—thousands of whom had only arrived in time to witness the overthrow of an army, which buried in its ruin the mighty empire its own bravery had formerly raised.

Upwards of 40,000 men, of the contending parties, had fallen in the strife. The French saved from the wreck of Waterloo nothing

but the honour due to personal bravery, and the credit of having manfully maintained the cause which they had embraced. Everything else was lost: the moral as well as the physical force of the army was gone. Every particle of *materiel* brought into the field was captured, and all claim to military supremacy shivered to atoms. Their Generals had been defeated by the Allied Commanders,—their soldiers had been beaten by the Allied troops,—and their army was, altogether, more completely routed than ever an army had before been routed with modern arms.

Remarks.—The battle of Waterloo must always be considered as a battle fought by the right wing of an army, for the purpose of maintaining a position, till the arrival of its left wing should render victory certain. Till the arrival of the Prussians, the battle was therefore purely defensive: it was a mere holding fast of ground, that, if successful, could not fail of leading to the most splendid results the moment the flank movement should take effect. It was a just and able strategical calculation. The defensive part which the British had to act did not altogether preclude offensive operations, as far as charges of cavalry and infantry may be so termed; but it precluded all attempts to follow up partial success.

It has often been asked, what the result would have been if the Prussians had not arrived? Questions of this nature may serve to amuse professional ingenuity, but the case itself was beyond the reach of contingencies. As we have before seen, the battle of Waterloo was fought, because it was certain that the Prussians would arrive. The subterranean fires of the earth might, no doubt, have rent part of the globe's surface asunder, and made a chasm between Wavre and Mont St. Jean, that should have arrested even Blücher himself. But Generals and Commanders of armies must not take such extreme possibilities into account; and no cause, or combination of causes, on which military operations can be fairly founded, could have prevented the arrival of the Prussian army.

Speaking after the event, we may now safely say, that Napoleon could not have driven the British from the ground, even if the Prussians had not arrived. Three brigades of British infantry, and one of the King's German Legion, had, except in the loss sustained by the 27th regiment, suffered comparatively little; many of the foreign corps of the second line had not been engaged; and after the arrival of Vivian and Vandeleur, the British cavalry were masters of the field. Certain it is, that no effort of the French army could have driven the British from the wood, had they taken up a second position along the verges of the forest.

But supposing that Napoleon's last attack on the British had succeeded (and properly speaking, we may almost say that it was the only attack made after the defeat of Count d'Erlon's corps), could he still have faced the Prussians? Evidently not. No one unacquainted with war can form an idea of the state of weakness and disorganization into which even a victorious army is thrown by a severe day's action. The number of men absent from the ranks is incredible, and long-continued excitement has completely exhausted bodily strength and mental elasticity. Can it possibly be otherwise, when we recollect that soldiers are, after all, only men? And can a new adversary, falling upon such a soulless mass, fail of almost certain victory? Besides, Blücher arrived on the flank of the French army, not with a mere detachment, but with upwards of 50,000 men. Where were the means of resisting such a force to be found at that moment?

Of the British infantry it is almost impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise. Young battalions, composed of soldiers who had never seen a shot fired, were reduced to the strength of companies, without ever yielding a single step. On many points the men were forced to close-in over the mangled bodies of their comrades, and to fight on ground wet with the blood of the slain: officers, hurt to death, refused to leave the field; and mere boys were seen returning with shouts to the ranks, after having carried wounded officers or comrades to the rear. The small number of troops who actually supported the brunt of this terrible battle is almost incredible. Yet, terrible as the battle certainly was, and trying as it was from its duration, there was, at no time or place, any fighting that in point of severity equalled the fighting of some of the sterner combats of the Peninsular war. There was nothing equal to Albuera, or to the storming of the Spanish fortresses, and to other actions that could be named.

Even during this short and decisive campaign, Fortune, more than once, proved herself willing to smile upon her "spoilt and favoured child." But Napoleon knew not how to avail himself of her favours; and Fortune, like the rest of her sex, is never scorned with impunity. He first, by her aid, gained several hours' march on the Allies; then the order directing Bulow to proceed to Ligny went wrong. During the battle of the 16th, Count d'Erlon's corps arrived by mere chance, as we have seen, on the most important point, and was marching directly down upon the rear of the Prussian army. Napoleon knew not how to profit by so wonderful a piece of good fortune. The goddess frowned, and the corps vanished. The heavy rain that fell from the evening of the 17th till the morning of the 18th delayed, for

many hours, the arrival of the Prussian army. This chance was also lost to the French, for Napoleon remained inactive during the entire morning. French writers very gravely tell us that this delay was necessary, because the arms of the troops were wet. Were those of the British in better condition? We wonder none of Napoleon's historians thought of burnishing up the old French tale of Crescy, which would have us believe that the rain had injured the bow-strings of the French, and left those of the English in perfect good order. The two battles have many points of resemblance between each other; only, that the unerring shafts and well-wielded bills of our skilful ancestors told more quickly and effectually than the ill-aimed muskets of the unskilful moderns. Why the sons should, in this respect, have degenerated from the sires, is a question that posterity will ask with more than astonishment.

Except in the errors of the enemy, it cannot be said that the Allies derived any very direct aid from fortune.

SEEKING'S NOT BELIEVING.

I saw her as I fancied fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'erspread her lovely features;
She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
Her malady relieving;
I wash'd both rose and lily off!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I look'd again, again I long'd
To breathe love's fond confession:
I saw her eyebrows form'd to give
Her face its arch expression;
But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breast was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided;
I never saw, in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walk'd with me one windy day—
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form, by Nature's hand
So prodigally finished,
She were less perfect if enlarged,
Less perfect if diminished;
Her toilet I surprised,—the worst
Of wonders then achieving,—
None know the bustle I perceived!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw, when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And if she said no tender things,
I've often seen her look them;
I saw her my affianced bride,—
And then, my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw another maiden soon,
And struggled to detain her;
I saw her plain enough—in fact,
Few women could be plainer;
'Twas said that at her father's death
A plum she'd be receiving—
I saw that father's house and grounds!—
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her mother—she was deck'd
 With furbelows and feathers;
 I saw distinctly that she wore
 Silk stockings in all weathers;
 I saw, beneath a load of gems,
 The matron's bosom heaving;
 I saw a thousand signs of wealth!—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her father, and I spoke
 Of marriage in his study;
 But would he let her marry me?
 Alas! alas! how could he!
 I saw him smile a glad consent,
 My anxious heart relieving,
 And then I saw the settlements—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the daughter, and I named
 My moderate finances;
 She spurn'd me not, she gave me one
 Of her most tender glances:
 I saw her father's bank—thought I,
 There cash is safe from thieving;
 I saw my money safely lodged!—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the bank, the shutters up,
 I could not think what they meant!
 The old infirmity of firms,
 The bank had just stopt payment!
 I saw my future father then
 Was ruined past retrieving,
 Like me, without a single sou!—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the banker's wife had got
 The fortune settled on her;
 What cared he when the creditors
 Talk'd loudly of dishonour?
 I saw his name in the "Gazette,"
 But soon I stared, perceiving
 He bought another house and grounds!—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw—yes, plain as plain could be—
 I saw the banker's daughter;
 She saw me too, and called for sal-
 Volatile and water;
 She said that she had just espoused
 A rich old man, conceiving
 That I was dead or gone to jail;—
 Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw a friend, and freely spoke
 My mind of the transaction;
 Her brother heard it, and he call'd,
 Demanding satisfaction;
 We met—I fell—that brother's ball
 In my left leg receiving;
 I have two legs—true—one is cork!
 Oh! seeing's not believing.

T. H. B.

New Monthly Magazine.

New Books.

HISTORY OF BRITISH COSTUME.

[THIS very interesting branch of antiquarianism has been happily chosen for illustration in a volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Its execution is as meritorious as the design, and reflects high credit upon the careful taste of Mr. Planché, one of the best-informed of living dramatists; and whose patience and judgment in correcting the costume of certain of Shakspeare's plays, a few years since, must entitle him to our grateful recollection, and bring evidence of his qualifications for the present task. Every one at all acquainted with its subject, must be aware that a superabundance of materials

exists in every library in the kingdom; but, on this account, the compilation of such a volume as the one before us has been a work of greater labour. Mr. Planché does not omit to remind the reader of this difficulty, though we had rather that he had not rated his predecessors so lowly as he has done in a few instances. Their toil in assembling materials has been great indeed, and it is but scanty justice, if it be not injustice, to say that Strutt's works on costume have "misled more than they have enlightened;" while it is the opposite extreme to say that every page of Mr. Planché's work refutes the assertion that chronological accuracy is unattainable in costume. Equally unfortunate is the reply to those who deny the possibility of assigning the introduction of any particular habit to any particular period—by inquiring "what criticism they would pass upon the painter who should represent Julius Cæsar in a frock-coat, cocked hat, and Wellington trousers." This we take, though differently from Mr. Planché, to be an extreme case, but ill supporting the possibility of determining the fashion of clothes to a period of twenty years by reference to a lapse of two thousand. The subject required not such argument to set off its interest: for, as Mr. Planché, in better taste, observes, "its study, embellished by picture and enlivened, soon becomes interesting even to the young and careless reader; and, at the same time that it sheds lights upon manners and rectifies dates, stamps the various events and eras in the most natural and vivid colours indelibly on the memory." The great advantage of this work is, therefore, the arrangement of "every information respecting the dress or armour of a particular reign contained within the few pages allotted to it." A long and learned list denotes the authorities whence the volume has been "sifted and condensed;" and Mr. Planché, with judicious liberality, refers the artist to works which may be advantageously consulted, with his own volume for a commentary. From so extractable a work, we scarcely know where to quote, "following," as it does, "the example of time," from the dress of the original colonists of Britain to the last uniform regulations of the present King. Our selections refer to various periods. First is the]

Anglo-Saxon Period.

Some change must have taken place in the apparel of the Anglo-Saxons after their conversion to Christianity, at the beginning of the seventh century, for at a council held at the close of the eighth, it was said, "you put on your garments in the manner of pagans whom your fathers expelled from the world; an astonishing thing that you imitate those whose life you always hated."* The ac-

* Concil. Calchut; Spelman, Concil. p. 300.

knowledge, however, of this return to their ancient habits, authorizes us to consider Anuerin's description as applicable to their dress in the eighth as in the sixth century; and, indeed, from an inspection of numerous Anglo-Saxon MSS. illuminated during the tenth century, and the testimony of various writers of the sixth, we are led to conclude that little alteration in dress took place amongst the new masters of Britain for nearly four hundred years. And, strange as this may seem, we have strong collateral evidence in support of this belief in the unvarying costume of the Franks during nearly as long a period.* Of the same oriental origin, they seem to have adhered to their national dress with the same oriental tenacity; and though they may not, like the Persians, have handed down the identical clothes from father to son as long as they could hang together, the form of their garments appears to have been rigidly preserved and the material unaltered.

The general civil costume of the Anglo-Saxons, from the eighth to the tenth century, consisted then of a linen shirt,† a tunic of linen or woollen, according to the season, descending to the knee, and having long close sleeves, but which set in wrinkles, or rather rolls, from the elbow to the wrist. It was made like the shirt, and open at the neck to put on in the same manner. It was sometimes open at the sides, and confined by a belt, or girdle, round the waist. Its Saxon name was *roc*, or *rooc*, and it was either plain or ornamented round the collar, wrists, and borders, according to the rank of the wearer.‡ Over this was worn a short cloak (*mentil*), like the Roman *pallium* or Gaulish *sagum*, fastened sometimes on the breast, sometimes on one or both shoulders, with brooches or fibulae.

Drawers, reaching half way down the thigh, and stockings meeting them, occur in most Saxon illuminations, and are alluded to by writers under the names of *breck* and *hose*.§ *Scin hose*, and leather hose, are also mentioned, and may mean a species of bus-

* Vide Montfaucon's *Mouarchie Française*. The Frankish dress was, as nearly as possible, the Anglo-Saxon; and Eginhart's elaborate description of Charlemagne's is a most valuable authority for the costume of this period.

† Charlemagne's shirt is expressly said to have been of linen, "Cammissium lineum." Eginhartus de Vita Caroli Magni.

‡ Charlemagne's was bordered with silk. "Tunicam quam limbo serico ambiebat." Eginhart. Paulus Diaconus, describing the dress of the Lombards, says, their vestments were loose and flowing, and consisted, like those of the Anglo-Saxons, chiefly of linen, ornamented with broad borders, woven or embroidered with various colours. De Gestis Longobardorum, lib. iv. c. 23.

§ The femoralia or drawers of Charlemagne were of linen. Eginhart. The monk of St. Gall speaks of *tibialia vel corallia* (stockings or drawers) of linen of one colour, but ornamented with precious workmanship, lib. i. c. 36. By the following note we

kin, or short boot, now and then met with, or, literally, leathern stockings.

Over these stockings they wore bands of cloth, linen, or leather, commencing at the ankle, and terminating a little below the knee, either in close rolls, like the hay-bands of a modern ostler, or crossing each other sandal-wise, as they are worn to this day by the people of the Abruzzi and the Appennines, and in some parts of Russia and Spain. They are called in Saxon *scanc-beorg*, literally shank, or leg-guard, and latinized *fasciola crurum*. In the ancient canons, the monks are commanded to wear them of linen, to distinguish them from the laity, who wore woollen.||

In some illuminations a sort of half-stockings, or sock, most likely the Saxon *socca*, is worn over the hose instead of the bandages. It is generally bordered at the top, and reminds one of the Scotch stocking, which, probably, from the red cross gartering imitated upon it, is a relic of the ancient Saxon or Danish dress.

The Saxon shoe (*sceo*, or *scoh*.) is generally painted black, with an opening down the instep, and secured by a thong.¶ Labourers are generally represented barelegged, but seldom barefooted.

The above articles composed the dress of all classes from the monarch to the hind. The *bretwald*, or king, the *ealdorman*, and the *thegn*, were distinguished by the ornaments and richness, not the form, of their apparel; except, perhaps, upon state occasions, when the nobler classes wore the tunic longer, and the mantle more ample: but the same articles of dress appear to have been common to Anglo-Saxons of all conditions.

Canute.

A Saxon MS. Register of Hyde Abbey, written during the reign of Canute, contains his portrait and that of his queen, *Alfyge*. The king is in a tunic and mantle, the latter ornamented with cords or ribands, and tassels. He wears shoes, and stockings reaching nearly to the knees, with embroidered tops. The dress is perfectly Saxon. In June, 1766, some workmen, repairing Winchester Cathedral, discovered a monument, wherein was

shall perceive he meant long drawers, or hose and drawers in one, like the Gaulish brace.

¶ Du Cange, in voce *Fasciola*. The monk of St. Gall says that over the stockings or drawers they (the Franks) wore long fillets, bound crosswise in such a manner as to keep them properly upon the legs. These were worn as late as the sixteenth century in France by the butchers, and called *les lingettes*. *Archæologia*, vol. xxiv. p. 37.

¶ The terms *slype-sceo* and *unhege-sceo* seem to imply slippers or shoes, in contradistinction to the boots or buskins sometimes met with. The buskins of Louis le Debonaire, the son of Charlemagne, were of gold stuff or gilt, *ocreas aureas*. Theganus, in Vita ejus. The shoes and buskins of Anglo-Saxon princes or high ecclesiastical dignitaries are generally represented of gold.

contained the body of Canute. It was remarkably fresh, had a wreath, or circlet, round the head, and several other ornaments, such as gold and silver bands. On his finger was a ring, in which was set a remarkably fine stone; and in one of his hands was a silver penny.

Anglo-Norman Long Hair.

In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate, named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation!

This was followed up by a royal edict prohibiting the wearing of long hair; but in the next reign, that of Stephen, the old fashion was revived, when, in 1139, it received a sudden check from an exceedingly trifling circumstance. A young soldier, whose chief pride lay in the beauty of his locks, which hung down almost to his knees, dreamed one night that a person came to him and strangled him with his own luxuriant ringlets. This dream had such an effect upon him, that he forthwith trimmed them to a rational length. His companions followed his example, and superstition spreading the alarm, cropping became again the order of the day. But this reformation, adds the historian, was of very short duration; scarcely had a year elapsed before the people returned to their former follies, and such especially as would be thought courtiers permitted their hair to grow to such a shameful length, that they resembled women rather than men; those whom nature had denied abundance of hair supplying the deficiency by artificial means. Wigs, therefore, may date in England from the time of Stephen; and should signs to shops become again the fashion, our perruquiers are bound in gratitude to distinguish theirs by three Sagittarii, the device assumed by that monarch, according to tradition, in consequence of his having ascended the throne while the sun was in Sagittarius.

Edward I.

There is no monumental effigy of Edward; but on opening his tomb in Westminster Abbey, A.D. 1774, his corpse was discovered arrayed in a dalmatica or tunic of red silk damask, and a mantle of crimson satin fastened on the shoulder with a gilt buckle, or clasp, four inches in length, and decorated with imitative gems and pearls. The sceptre was in his hand, and a stole was crossed over his breast of rich white tissue, studded with gilt quatrefoils in philagree-work, and embroidered with pearls in the shape of what are called true lovers' knots. The gloves, it is presumed, had perished, for the ornaments belonging to the backs of them were found

lying on the hands. The body, from the knees downwards, was wrapped in a piece of cloth of gold, which was not removed. The regal ornaments were all of metal gilt, and the stones and pearls false; a piece of economy unusual at this period.

Tight Lacing.

The injurious practice of tight lacing we have discovered in existence during the reign of Rufus or Henry I.; and, in a MS. copy of the "Lay of Syr Launfal," written about the year 1300, we have the following description of two damsels, whom the knight unexpectedly meets in a forest:—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,
Y-laced small, jolyf, and well;
There might none gayer go;
Their mantels were of green velvet,
Y-bordered with gold right well y-sette,
Y-pellured with gris and gros;
Their heads were dight well withal,
Everich had on a jolyf coronal,
With sixty gems and mo."

"Their kerchiefs were well schyre,
Arrayed with rich gold wyre."

The second line in the French original is still stronger; they are said to have been *Lucies moult estreitement*, "very straitly or tightly laced." The Lady Triamore, in the same romance, is also described as

"Clad in purple pall,
With gentyll body and middle small."

And, in another poem, we read of a lady with a splendid girdle of beaten gold, embellished with emeralds and rubies, "about her middle small."

Commonalty of Edward I.

The dress of the commonalty remains as in the last century, or, indeed, as from the time of the Conquest, with the addition of the bliaus, or blouse (the smock-frock of the present day), made generally of canvass or fustian, and worn by both sexes. *Russet, birrus, or burreau, cordetum, and sarcilis*, are also quoted by the indefatigable Strutt, as coarse woollen cloths used for the garments of the lower orders during the thirteenth century. Cows, with points or tails to them, are worn more than caps, and the blacksmith has already his brown leathern apron, with the square bib to it, as worn by his brother craftsmen to this hour.

Lawyers' Robes.

Legal personages begin now (Edward II.) to be distinguished by their habits. Lawyers were originally priests, and, of course, wore the tonsure; but when the clergy were forbidden to intermeddle with secular affairs, the lay lawyers continued the practice of shaving the head, and wore the coif for distinction-sake. It was at first made of linen, and afterwards of white silk. The sergeant-at-law's habit anciently was a long priest-like robe, lined with fur, and a white linen coif. Judges wear caps and capes of fur.

Mourning.

Mourning habits first appear in monuments and illuminations of the reign of Edward III.; and the earliest mention of them seems to be by Chaucer and Froissart, both writers of this period. Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale," speaks of Palamon's appearing at Arcite's funeral

"In clothes black dropped all with tears;"

and in his "Troilus and Creseyde," he describes his heroine

"In widowe's habit large of samite brown;"

and in another place says,

"Creseyde was in widowe's habit blacke;"

and in another, when separating from Troilus, he makes her say

"my clothes evereh one
Shall blacke ben in tolequyn (token) herthe swete,
That I am as oute of this worlde agone."

Froissart tells us, that the Earl of Foix, on hearing of the death of his son Gaston, sent for his barber, and was close shaved, and clothed himself and all his household in black. At the funeral of the Earl of Flanders, he says, all the nobles and attendants wore black gowns; and on the death of John, King of France, the King of Cyprus clothed himself in black mourning, by which distinction, it would seem, that some other colours were occasionally worn; such as the "samite brown" of Chaucer's "Creseyde." The figures on the tomb of Sir Roger de Kerdeston, who died A.D. 1337, represent the relations of the deceased knight, and wear their own coloured clothes under the mourning cloak.

Large Sleeves.

The tight sleeves of the preceding reign were now (Richard II.) out of fashion, and the Monk of Evesham speaks of the deep wide sleeves, commonly called *pokys*, shaped like a bagpipe, and worn indifferently by servants as well as masters. They were denominated, he says, the devil's receptacles, for whatever could be stolen was popped into them. Some were so long and so wide, that they reached to the feet, others to the knees, and were full of slits. As the servants were bringing up pottage, sauces, &c., their sleeves "would go into them, and have the first taste;" and all that they could procure was meant to clothe their incurable carcasses with those pokys or sleeves, while the rest of their habit was short.

The White Hart.

The badge of the white hart was assumed by Richard II., and worn by all his courtiers and adherents, both male and female, either embroidered on their dresses, or suspended by chains or collars round their necks. This device seems to have been derived from his

mother, whose cognizance was a white hind. Rymer mentions, that in the ninth year of his reign, Richard pawned certain jewels; "à la guyse de cerfs blancs;" and in the wardrobe accounts of his twenty-second year, is an entry of a belt and sheath of a sword of red velvet, embroidered with white harts, crowned, and with rosemary branches. An ancient author, quoted by Holingshed (sub anno 1399), says, "that amongst the few friends that attended this unfortunate prince after his capture by the Earl of Northumberland, was Jenico D'Artois, a Gascoine, that still wore the cognizance, or device, of his master, King Richard, that is to saye, a white hart, and would not put it from him neither for persuasion nor threats; by reason whereof, when the Duke of Hereford understood it, he caused him to be committed to prison within the Castle of Chester. This man was the last (as saith mine author) which bare that device, and showed well thereby his constant heart towards his master." The white hart still remains, painted of a colossal size, on the wall over the door leading to the east cloister from the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. It is generally represented crowned, collared, and chained, and couchant under a tree.

Collar of SS.

A decoration appeared in the reign of Henry IV., and is worn by the distinguished of both sexes, the origin of which is differently accounted for. We allude to the collar of SS, or Esses. Camden says it was composed of a repetition of that letter, which was the initial of Sanctus Simo Simplicius, an eminent Roman lawyer, and that it was particularly worn by persons of that profession. Other writers contend that it was an additional compliment of Edward III. to the Countess of Salisbury. But its non-appearance till the reign of Henry IV. is a sufficient answer to that supposition. Sir Samuel Meyrick, with much greater probability, suggests, that we should consider it the initial letter of Henry's motto, "Souveraine," which he had borne while Earl of Derby, and which, as he afterwards became sovereign, appeared auspicious. The initial of a common motto of the middle ages, "Souveniez vous de moy" (Souvenez vous de moi), has also been mentioned as a derivation, and supported by the remark, that a "fleur-de-souvenance," the "forget-me-not," occasionally linked the double SS together; but we incline to the opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick, and at the same time, we must remark the singularity of the circumstance, that the origin of such popular and celebrated decorations and badges as the feather of the Prince of Wales, the Order of the Garter, and the collar of SS, should be to this day a mystery to the most learned and indefatigable antiquaries.

Choice of a Wife, by Dress.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young knight, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very strait and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by her who had the least beauty and the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.*

[We have not space at present to travel further in this really entertaining volume. It is profusely embellished with 137 cuts, which are well chosen, and possess very considerable artistical merit.]

* Quoted by Strutt, from a French MS.

The Gatherer.

Book of Sports.—In 1617, King James published his famous *Book of Sports*, by which the populace were tolerated to exercise certain recreations and pastimes on the Sabbath-day, and all parochial incumbents were positively enjoined to read the same in their respective churches, on pain of the King's displeasure. Notwithstanding the license given by this book, the Lord Mayor had the courage to order the King's carriages to be stopped, as they were driving through the city on a Sunday, during the time of divine service. This threw James into a great rage, and vowing that he thought there had been no more kings in England but himself, he directed a warrant to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to let them pass, which the prudent magistrate complied with, saying, "While it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." The answer of the Lord Mayor pleased the King, and the latter returned him his thanks. On the 10th of May, 1643, the *Book of Sports* was burnt by the common hangman, in Cheapside, in pursuance of an Ordinance of both Houses of Parliament, passed five days before; "all persons having any of the said books in their hands," being "required to deliver them

forthwith," to be burnt according to the order.

P. T. W.

Soulshot.—This was a sum paid for a soul's requiem among the Romanists. In the times of the Saxons there was a funeral duty to be paid, called *pecunia sepulchralis et symbolum animæ*, and in Saxon *soulshot*. *Soul's-cheat* was a legacy anciently bequeathed at their deaths by our scrupulously pious ancestors, to the parish priest, to compensate for any tithes that might have been forgotten in their lives.

P. T. W.

Javanese Rice Pudding.—The people of Java have a method of making puddings of rice which seems to be unknown here. They take a conical earthen pot, which is open at the large end, and perforated all over. This they fill about half full with rice, and putting it into a large earthen pot of the same shape, filled with boiling water, the rice in the first pot soon swells, and stops the perforations so as to keep out the water. By this method the rice is brought to a firm consistence, and forms a pudding, which is generally eaten with butter, oily sugar, vinegar, and spices.

In some parts of Africa canoes are hollwed out from a single tree, 50 feet long, and from four to five feet broad; and the patient natives convey such a tree upon rollers from the place of its growth, at the rate of five miles a day!

The state of Louisiana, lately had a lottery in existence called the "French Evangelical Church Lottery."

Chat Moss has disappointed so many adventurers, who calculated on draining and cultivating it, that it may be called *Cheat Moss*.

Prince Rupert is celebrated in the annals of Liverpool; for, in 1644, he besieged the town for four-and-twenty days. Yet this patriotic philosopher's name is better known in association with the candlesticks at Birmingham, he having invented Prince's Metal.

Silver.—In the museum at Madrid, is a lump of silver weighing seventy pounds, which was shivered off an enormous mass by a master miner, who, after dining on it with twelve or thirteen persons, hacked it to pieces and distributed the fragments among his guests.

Horrible Error.—In some parts of Africa it is believed that when a gentleman goes to the other world, he will be respected in proportion only to the number of slaves and dependents he carries with him: so that many lives are sacrificed to make up his retinue.

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